



Rainy Morning



98 4 6

Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

I've always loved the sound of rain, as it hits the ground. The ongoing splatter as each raindrop lands. And not the light drizzle. I mean the full out soaking rain. I like the way the worms come out when it rains. I like the puddles to splash through, despite Mom telling me that it gets my shoes soaked. I like the slender rainbows at the end. It's refreshing.

Ironically enough, I can't stand the rain during the day. More specifically, the side effects. The long traffic line for school just because parents can't stand the thought of their kid standing in the rain waiting for a bus. The rain that gets on my glasses. The mud that should be puddles but isn't. The dreary gray clouds that just hang there, even though it's not going to rain and there's no sun.

Even though it sounds depressing that I like the rain, it actually isn't. It's soothing. During a water cycle project, my friend, Xavier, and I agreed that we should have rain as a soundtrack to the presentation. We spent one hour listening to rain. I almost fell asleep.

A light drizzle began while I was semi-conscious.

It was early morning. By early, I meant maybe almost seven. I could hear Mom moving downstairs in her bedroom, but besides that, it was peaceful.

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But I still preferred the soaking rain.

It seemed that I had gotten my wish, when the rain and wind began to pick up. Thunder rumbled from the clouds.

I knew if Mom knew I was awake, she would tell me to close my windows, because 'they would let all the rain in'. But I didn't. No rain had gotten inside so what was there to worry about?

I shivered from the strong wind, and pulled my blanket a little closer. I liked the sound of thunder mixed with the rain and the wind.

More thunder.

The last time there was a thunderstorm, it was a really big one. Like, the power went out for thirteen hours and the Wi-Fi was out for sixteen hours. The school cancelling storm because the power never goes out.

Which happened to be the last day of school cancelled.

For a long time, I listen to the pounding rain, with rumbles of thunder every few seconds.

Turns out, the wind did help the rain get into my room, so I'm sprinkled with droplets of rain. I don't mind, and rather enjoy it, shivering when a particularly strong breeze of wind comes in. I finally get up, standing by the window to watch the storm.

No matter how wet I get, it's still worth it.

I fall asleep to the dying sounds of the storm, knowing that the dismal gray clouds that would hang in the sky for the rest of the day will be worth it.

Chapter 2 by clarinetactivist



I like the downpours. The downpours that floods gutters on newly shaven yards. Raindrops unite to create chaos on my roof. They slam together to make a huge blanket on our rusty gutters. Rusty gutters that go to our unshaven yard. On our weeds that attack the side of the paint-peeled house. The best downpours arrive after Mom comes home from work. My window leads me to believe the world has been blacked out with the sharpies our teachers' never lets us use. Mom always locks the door. Then she always take ten steps and hesitates. A slit of yellow glow evades my room as she whispers good night to listless body. Sounds of padded feet break the silence of the night until her door is gently shut. Then I can relax to the sound of beautiful

Chaos of water safely outside my window. I can feel my chin tingle, and my throat. I throw the Tank Engine comforter and let w

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I had awoke that morning, my hair a little damp from the rain yesterday. I sighed calmly as I remembered the peacefulness of the thunder rumbling in the background while the rain was washing out all other noises.

I stepped to my window, moving the curtains back so I could see outside. I looked around to see if there were any gray clouds, taking away the sun's glorious sun rays, the mud where puddles of water should be, but I see none of those things. Not even a rainbow.

I narrowed my eyes confused.

Didn't it just rain? I mean, it was pouring yesterday!

I rush downstairs to see Mom sitting on the couch. "Mom, did it rain yesterday?" I asked, feeling silly to ask such a thing. Mom looked at me like I had just lost my mind.

"No, darling, it didn't. I know how much you love the rain, but don't let expectations get in the way of reality." She says. My eyes widen with fear of how I saw rain, when it really never did.

Does that mean.... I can make it where only I can see the rain? A sly smile crosses my face, even though I'm terrified of myself. It cannot be true, but what if somehow, it is?

Chapter 4 by adware



The silly thought lingers throughout the day since there's nothing else to occupy me-- its a slow lazy weekend. I have all my homework done, and the sun is bleaching the streets outdoors with a dry heat that keeps me from even wanting to look out a window.

I flip on the tv for background noise, open my laptop, and sit on the couch. I start combing my and Xavier's presentation for any grammar errors.

The weatherman is chattering about a dry front coming in on the tv. He is doing a remote in front of a street so hot the tar is fusing with the tires of parked cars. I groan, and put in my headphones to listen to the rain backdrop of the presentation. Escapism is my generation's way of life.

I reach the end of our presentation and close it. I start browsing the internet, when I notice I still hear the lovely patter of rain.

I look up at the tv at a weather man soaked in rainwater and humility.

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